

E.A.R.
To Miss Lizzie Love.

DARLING KATE.



SONG & CHORUS

Written and composed by
WILL. S. HAYS.

Arranged by
CHARLES HEBEL.



Piano.

CINCINNATI, O.

Guitar.

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DARLING KATE.

3

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY W.S.HAYS.

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Allegretto *mf*

O! I think of the days, when but a little child, I sported o'er the meadows, to the hill. Where the

sweet flowers bloom'd, and were ever growing wild, Near the stream that rippled near the mill. But the

old mill has gone to de - cay long ago. Where I romp'd with my little darling Kate And the

Miller lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow Where we play'd near the turn-pike gate.

3087. 4.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Allegretto' and 'mf'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The vocal melody begins on the second staff, with the lyrics 'O! I think of the days, when but a little child, I sported o'er the meadows, to the hill. Where the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics continue: 'sweet flowers bloom'd, and were ever growing wild, Near the stream that rippled near the mill. But the'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The lyrics continue: 'old mill has gone to de - cay long ago. Where I romp'd with my little darling Kate And the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The lyrics conclude: 'Miller lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow Where we play'd near the turn-pike gate.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Alto. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
Tenore. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
Basso. O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she
O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she

sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.
sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.
sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.
sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.
sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.

Turnpike Gate. 3087. 4.

3. V. Now its old broken hinges have grown red with the rust, And its timbers are all going to de-cay And how

ma-ny swung upon it that have return'd to dust, Since you and I up-on it used to play O! I

love it for 'twas there in my boy-hood days, That first I saw and lov'd my darling Kate: And she

sits beside me now with a smile upon her brow, And re-minds me of the turnpike gate. **D. C. Chorus.**

